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The Canadian Independent.

ONE IS YOUR MASTER, EVEN CHRIST, AND ALL YE ARE BROTHERS.

Vol. 29.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1881

[New Series. No. 51]

Current Topics.

-A concordance to the revised New Testament is being prepared in London.

George Eliot's mother is still living, at the advanced age of ninety years. She is in Hobart, Tasmania.

-Mr. Edward A. Freeman, the popular English historian, will soon make an extensive tour of the United States, with a view, we presume, of writing a book on this country and its characteristics.

-The number of New Testaments of the new version already sold, if put in a pile, would reach over a mile and a half into the air, or one hundred and eighty times higher than the Cologne Cathedral spire. They would fill a warehouse 30x20x16 ft.

-The *Christian World* states that the Rev. Dr. John Cumming, once the most popular preacher in that city, though in good physical health, is in such a mental condition as to be practically dead to the world.

-There seems to be a perpetual Pentecost in the American Baptist Telegu Mission. The Rev. J. E. Clough writes from Ongole, March 18th, that in a six-weeks' tour he visited fifty two villages and baptized one thousand and three persons.

-The model of the goddess of Reason, during the reign of terror in Paris, then an acknowledged beauty, and surrounded by admiring friends, is reported to have lately died at the age of 99, having supported herself in later years as a rag-picker.

-The American Presbyterians and the American Baptists are the only denominations carrying on mission work in Siam. The Presbyterians work among the Siamese and the Laos, and the Baptists among the Chinese. The Presbyterians have a flourishing orphanage in Bangkok, the capital.

-Frederick Douglass, once a fugitive slave and now a Federal office-holder, last week delivered an oration on John Brown at Harper's Ferry, and at its close was congratulated by the state's attorney who conducted the prosecution against John Brown. Who can doubt that the world moves and that the soul of John Brown goes marching on?

-Hobart Pasha, the Turkish admiral, is an Englishman and is the son of the Earl of Buckinghamshire. He entered the English navy in 1836, and nine years later was made lieutenant of the Queen's yacht. During the American Rebellion he was a blockade-runner, and in 1867 entered the Ottoman service, where he rapidly acquired distinction. He is also a descendant of John Hampden.

-On May 24th Queen Victoria attained her 62nd birthday, an age which has been exceeded by eleven only of the sovereigns of England, dating from the Norman Conquest—namely, Henry I., who attained 67 years; Henry III., 65 years; Edward I., 67 years; Edward III., 65 years; Queen Elizabeth, 69 years; James II., 68 years; George I., 67 years; George II., 77 years; George III., 82 years; George IV., 68 years; and William IV., 72 years. On the 20th of June next she will have reigned forty four years, a period which has been exceeded by four English sovereigns only—namely, Henry III., who reigned 56

years; Edward III., who reigned for 50 years; Queen Elizabeth, who reigned 45 years; and George III., 60 years.

-Dr. Cuyler, in a letter in the *Christian at Work*, from Cairo, April 18, 1881, writes Yesterday I enjoyed my visit to the Sunday-school in the noble building of the American Presbyterian Mission. It made my eyes water to see those bright groups of Coptic and Arab boys and girls—in such clean, tasteful dresses—rise up and repeat in Arabic the International Series of Lessons. They were reciting the same Scriptures which my own blessed and beloved school in Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn, would repeat in a few hours—as soon as the Sabbath sun in its course reached our American skies. I made them a brief address, which was interpreted into Arabic, and I came away happy—and homesick, too.

-It is doubtful if the Philadelphians will be able to carry out their cherished design of transporting the remains of William Penn to their city for interment in the new municipal building. The English members of the Penn family refuse their assent, and the bones of the great Quaker will probably continue to repose in the obscure graveyard of the Friends in Buckinghamshire, England, where they were first buried. The recent discussion as to the selection of a proper person to accompany the remains, in case the project was successful, revealed the fact that there are four lineal descendants of William Penn now living in this country.—Dr. Penn Gaskell Skilleon, who still receives an income from the Penn estates in Ireland; Colonel Peter Penn Gaskell Hall; and two boys, descended through their dead mothers.

News has been received in London of the arrival of the Central African Mission party of the English Baptist Society at Stanley Pool, on the Congo. Mr. Bentley and Mr. Crudgington reached the Pool February 11th. They crossed the Pool, and were met in a threatening manner by the natives, but after a time discovered that this was chiefly due to a dislike of the action recently taken by M. le Comte de Brazza, who had professed to annex the country for 150 miles eastward to France. At a town five miles distant three French marines (black) were found stationed to guard a flag of the Republic during the absence of the Count on a visit to France. Here the missionaries were with difficulty protected by the marines from the violence of the new French subjects, who regarded them as invaders. Re-crossing to the north bank, they returned safely to Mr Stanley's camp, where they were hospitably entertained.

The most interesting business before the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church was the report of the Judiciary Committee on the subject of instrumental music in the churches. The majority report recommended that the churches be reminded that it is in violation of the law of the Church to introduce musical instruments in public worship, and that the sessions of churches in which musical instruments have been introduced be directed to remove them. A minority report that, if the memorialists desire to institute processes against the violators of the law, they do so in the session, instead of the Assembly. After a sharp discussion, the minority

report was substituted for that of the majority, by a vote of 107 to 53. It was also voted that an overture on the continuance or discontinuance of the present law be sent down to the presbyteries, for their opinions thereupon.

-Missionaries cannot, as a body, be accused of writing too rose-coloured views of their work. In giving an account of the encouraging features, they do not forget that there is another side. It is not necessary now, if, indeed, it ever was, to suppress what is unfavourable. Everybody believes that final success is obtainable, no matter how many or great the obstacles are. No one need be surprised that native Christians are not always such devoted Christians as are European and American communicants. The old leaven of heathenism and ignorance cannot be worked out altogether in one generation. The Rev. S. M. Creagh, of the London Society, writing of mission life in Lifu, one of the Loyalty Islands, says of the Christians:

"The aggregate number of church-members in the nine churches is 2,055. Native piety is not so deep and real as the religion of sincere Christians of more enlightened countries. There is a vast amount of superstition, error, and ignorance still pervading the minds of great numbers of our church-members. Their religion is more a thing to be seen than to be felt and enjoyed in the soul. We have not that amount of social elevation we could desire. The people for the most part cling to their old habits, herd promiscuously together; sleep in dirt and squalor, in houses with but one room and no window; wear but scant clothing, except on service days and holidays; and use language offensive to civilized ears. Hence, refinement does not exist amongst them and their moral feelings are not at all elevated.

The people, however, contribute to the support of the pastors, and some have gone out as missionaries to the inhospitable and unhealthy shores of New Guinea and given their lives in Christ's service. The training institution has sent out fifty seven native teachers, four of whom are now in New Guinea.

It is now nearly three years since the first mission party of the London Society's Central African Mission arrived in Ujiji. In this period much has been done to prepare the way for active evangelical work among the natives. Three stations have been established—one at Urambo, on the route from the Coast to Ujiji; one at Ujiji; and one at Uguha, on the western shore of the Lake. The Arabs, who were at first very suspicious and are still watchful, are not on unfriendly terms with the missionaries. Mr. Wookey writes from Ujiji as follows concerning the difficulties and progress of the mission:

"The work of the mission must of necessity make but slow progress for some time. Many of the natives are at first afraid of us, or suspicious of our intentions, others look upon us as fit subjects from which to extort cloth or other things. Curiosity as to our appearance soon wears off. The tones and accents and sounds of their strange language have to be written and learned, and words and idioms stored up and mastered, before we can reach them. Their prejudices and fears have to be overcome, and they be brought to feel that

we have an interest in their welfare. We have to fight against fever and the climate, which is no small matter. This and much more is being done. The natives are gaining confidence in us. They sometimes bring us presents of food and readily give us information. They are gaining confidence in our medicines, and sometimes we have a great many applicants for help of all kinds. We often have native visitors, who take a great interest in all they see and hear. They are fond of music. We have often had a crowd gathered round as eager listeners to Mr. Hutley playing his melodeon. By and by we hope to be able to preach and speak to them freely in their own tongue the wonderful love of Christ. As the country is opened up, and especially if the directors of the Society send out a small steamer, to be placed upon the Lake, the facilities for intercourse between the members of the mission and with the natives will be greatly increased, and we shall be able to plant new stations in the various districts."

The *Nonconformist* says:—In about another month, by favour of the Registrar-General, we may hope to get a summary of the main results of the recent Census. Much irregular information has, by local means, already leaked out, in which many of the metropolitan parishes have been included. And now we have an unrevised return of London as a whole, as well as the population of some nineteen great English towns as determined by the late enumerations. "London," says one of our evening contemporaries, "holds its own well, as the increase of population is 570,311 in the decade, or 17.2 per cent., while the increase in the population in the whole of the nineteen towns enumerated is 533,287, or 16.5 per cent. upon their previous numbers. This is the more remarkable since, in the preceding ten years, the figures showed a very different state of things. Then the metropolitan increase was 450,271, or 16.1 per cent., while that of the nineteen towns was 476,239, or 17.3 per cent. The figures, therefore, are reversed. London's rate of increase rising from 16.1 to 17.2, and that of the nineteen great provincial towns falling from 18.3 to 16.5. The population of the metropolis now exceeds by 50,000 that of the whole of these towns together, being 3,814,571, against 3,764,244. Nothing can better give one a just idea of the size and importance of London than this. Manchester and Liverpool, Salford and Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Bristol, Nottingham, all regard themselves as towns of no mean importance, and yet their united population, together with that of eleven other great towns falls short of that of London. The whole of Scotland has a smaller population than that of the metropolis, and by the end of another decade it is possible that Ireland will also be surpassed. This steady and ever-increasing rate of growth may well give cause for thought, and even for apprehension. So far no evils such as were feared by our fore-fathers have arisen from the enormous aggregation of people at one centre; but if London is to keep on growing at the present rate of increase, it will have attained dimensions by the end of the next century such as the world has never yet imagined, for it will by that time contain considerably over 12,000,000 inhabitants."

DAWN.

See ' on the mountain-tops the morn is
spread,
And twilight steals away with noiseless
tread,
Fainter and fainter in the flush of day
The shy stars twinkle, and their pale, pure
ray
Fades in the splendor of the rising sun,
As conscious that their nightly work is
done;
While at his kiss, sweet Nature lifts her
eyes
And smiles into his face. The blushing
skies
Scatter their roses on the clouds, until
The sunny island weathers from hill to
hill,
And Morning sits enthroned amid her
flowers,
Fresh with the rainbow-tints of angel-
bowers.
And down below, the Earth reflects Hea-
ven's grace
Bright diamonds sparkle on the lake's calm
face,
Pearl-drops are glistening on the forest
trees,
Flowers toss their dewy petals in the breeze,
And corn-fields in the valley laugh and
sing,
For joy that life should be so glad a thing.

Thou, Who dost bid the Morning light to
shine,
And thrill all Nature with a warmth Divine,
Let not the shades of sin our souls enshroud,
But with Thy brightness scatter every
cloud;
The fairest dawn without Thee is as night;
Say to our waking hearts, "Let there be
Light!"

Sunday Magazine.

BLUEBEARD'S CLOSET.

What sort of a house was Blue-
beard's, I wonder? Was it anything
like mine? Had it a stone porch, bay
windows, and Venetian blinds? Were
the rooms snugly lined with Brussels
carpets, and furnished with mahogany
and oak and walnut, sofas and couch-
es, and sideboards and easy chairs,
with engravings and pictures upon the
walls, in gilt frames, and mirrors over
the chimney pieces, reflecting the sky
and the garden from the opposite win-
dow, and this hazy, pale blue sky,
just now cloudless, and those beds of
geraniums and calceolarias, standing
like islands of beauty amid an ocean of
green lawn? Was Bluebeard's wife
anything like myself, and was the key
of the mysterious closet anything like
the keys I carry on my ring, or was it
larger, like the key of our dining room
closet, I will say?

To my childish imagination, that
abode of Bluebeard's was a very dif-
ferent-looking place to this of mine.
Always it rose before me as a great
marble palace, containing an almost
endless series of rooms, full of ivory
and marble, silver and gold, gauze and
glitter, with richest treasures of art
and nature embedded in their vast in-
teriors, rooms of luxury and pride,
while in the store-chambers were cas-
kets of precious stones, boxes of
rarest perfumes, chests of glossiest
silks and softest wools woven into the
loveliest patterns for the adornment of
Fatima and sister Annie (by the way,
how came Fatima's sister to have so
English a name) and their numerous
handmaidens; a huge chest of rings
alone, for the ornamentation of Blue-
beard's fingers; ditto for his wife, only
smaller; ditto, but still smaller, for
sister Annie:—a room for embroidered
slippers, another for amber-mouthed
pipes, another for scarfs, another for
turbans, another for Cashmere shawls,
one for heaps on heaps of gold and
silver coins; one terrible room full of
Damascus blades, and scimitars, and
daggers, arranged in pyramids and
towers on the floor, and in stars and
diamonds and crosses upon the walls,
Bluebeard's own especial store-room
of destructives; and, behind all these
and hundreds more, in the darkest

most solitary corner of the whole
palace, the door of the little closet!

Poor Fatima! How often in my
childhood have I pitied her, how often
have I acted over in imagination the
memorable scene between her and her
infuriated husband, when the key of
the unlucky closet was not forthcom-
ing, and, when after many tears and
prayers on her part, he stormed it
forth from the feeble fortress of her
trembling hand, with that awful tell-tale
stain upon its polished wards? And
not only in imagination have I enacted
this scene, for a favorite game in my
childhood's home was this tragedy of
Bluebeard. On many a winter's even-
ing, when our parents were away, how
quickly have we five children, two sis-
ters and three brothers, transformed
our usual living room, the old-fash-
ioned, unpoetical back parlor, into a
region of enchantment. With the
round oak-table of the kitchen dragged
in to represent the celebrated tower
from whose height sister Annie was
to look out for the much-desired
advent of the two delivering brothers;
with a low chair for the steps to the
same, two walking-sticks for the
brothers' horses, the large kitchen
carving knife for Bluebeard's sword,
a few cloaks and hats, and two or three
white handkerchiefs to serve as veils
and turbans, we were all but comple-
tely fitted out, and could play our play
with due splendor, and with thrilling
effect. We had no audience, unless
at rare times, when we might have
coaxed the one servant of the house-
hold into the parlor to act as such, and
to stare and admire. But the lack of
patronage did not distress us. Gener-
ally we were both actors and audience,
most deeply interested and delighted
and horrified; seers and hearers, speak-
ers and doers at once; and I am not
sure but that our satisfaction was not
the greater on this account. But the
closet? Where was that? Ah, I re-
member! We had only fully to open
the parlor door that was sufficiently
near the wail to form in this way a
square recess, quite suggestive and
mysterious enough, and a tablecloth
pinned across was a door at once, only
capable of being opened with the
strange, awful key that Bluebeard (my
elder brother) carried so prominently
at his waist till the eventful period
when he delivered it to me, his faith-
less, too curious Fatima. How well I
remember the delightful savagery with
which he clutched my hair, when I re-
fused to give up the fatal key, and the
joyful riding in of the two brothers on
their bamboo horses, the fleetest of the
fleet, to my rescue! We children en-
joyed this touch of terror, beneath
which lay the smile of conscious safety,
this make-believe of horror, and were
at once ready to laugh at our imagined
frights and miseries the moment they
were over.

And this tale of Bluebeard was de-
cidedly one formed to take our sym-
pathies, to give to us that slight sense
of fear, that so deliciously flavors the
uneventful, insipid lives of children
who are confined most of the day be-
tween four walls, those thick, ugly
walls that hide from us so much of
the stirring, delightful outer world.
That wooden table, that carving knife,
those cloaks and hats, our every-day
gear, put on fantastically as became
the play,—those headless, legless
horses, that usually most uninteresting
parlor corner, became to us, when
united to this wonderful legend, things
both beautiful and heroic and grand;
and with them we were changed, also,
into fierce Turks, accomplished prin-
cesses, and valiant death-dealing
horsemen.

But what years ago was that! And
what changes have fallen upon us and
our stage properties! Cloaks and

hats and veils and swords are all gone
away into that vast dusthole of nature
that must surely exist somewhere, or
are changed into other forms, unre-
cognizable forever by us. In extreme
old age, the oak table may, perhaps,
be doing duty in some humble home
or other, or be helping in a feeble,
octogenarian way other children to do
something more than dream out their
childish legends and fairy tales. The
closet, however, is really gone, for the
house in which we were born, and
where we so often played our play, is
pulled down, rooted up, and carted
away as rubbish, who knows where!
And for the actors, what rooting up and
carting away have they not had!

To Bluebeard, my elder brother, has
befallen the longest journey. On the
far south-eastern coast of Africa he
finds lions, serpents, and scorpions,
calling more loudly for extinction than
disobedient wives. Sister Annie, with
six children, has other cares and anx-
ieties than to know if the two brothers
are coming; the two deliverers, have
had many flittings to and fro, and one
since those early days has ridden many
a mile through the unploughed lands
of ignorance and sin to save captive
women from foe worse than the old
wife-killer—the foe of intemperance.
And Fatima, too, has had her experi-
ences. What woman of forty has not?
But, thank God, the husband she has
at length found is no Bluebeard, and
has not one closet in his whole house
with whose mysteries she is not ac-
quainted.

So far I had written yesterday. To-
day, if my uncle is to be believed, I
must rewrite the last sentence. With
him has come a shadow over my plea-
sant home. I am unhappy and not a
little bewildered. Is it, or is it not
true that in these well-lighted, beau-
tifully furnished rooms, a sad tragedy
has gone on for years? that beside this
hearth, to which I so lately came as a
bride, a suicide has sat? that from the
closet in the next room, whose every
cranny and corner I know, have pro-
ceeded shame and misery and death
to one who formerly called my hus-
band hers?

Let me tell how it was my uncle
came to speak thus. Yesterday a cari-
age drove leisurely up the gravel
path towards the front of the house.
I was at my favorite seat near the
drawing-room window; so, holding
back the lace curtain that I might see
more clearly, I beheld a well-known
figure, habited in a brown coat and
broad-brimmed white hat, step out of
the carriage, and mount the steps of
the portico. It was my uncle's figure,
thin and compact and alert, and at
once I knew it and went to meet it. I
did not run or smile or feel glad in any
way, for there is a something about
my uncle that represses any outburst
of enthusiasm, and in the sharp glance
of his bright eyes is at times a sarcastic
gleam, anything but encouraging to
female impetuosity. When we meet
we shake hands quietly; smile sedately,
if we smile at all; and though we may
not have seen each other for months,
express no more pleasure or solicitude
at the meeting than if we had but
parted for a few hours. I had not seen
him since my marriage, as he was
abroad when that event took place, and
for some reason or other he had given
me to understand that it had been es-
pecially displeasing to him. But old
bachelor uncles must not expect to be
listened to always, when they prognos-
ticate woe and trouble from a state of
life they have never experienced, and
therefore are quite unable to judge
about. My uncle had ever an absurd
dislike and dread of first marriages;
second ones are to him still more
terrible, and it was, of course, no sur-
prise to me to receive from him in a

letter, when I married Archibald Grant,
Esquire, some rather hard words about
foolish women of forty who are ready
to marry anybody. Have I made it
plain why I did not walk very quickly
over the Minton tiles of the hall to
greet him? and why I glanced a little
nervously at the great hall clock, won-
dering how long it would be before
Archibald returned from the works,
hoping most fervently that I might get
over the first encounter by myself, lest
my husband should be too shocked at
his new wife's strange relation? I ex-
pected a rough north-easter; I ob-
tained a gentle westerly gale, that just
lifted my sails, and carried me into the
current of calm conversation. My
uncle was at first bland and quiet,
kissed my cheek, talked a little, rather
seriously, but quietly, on my new dig-
nity as wife and mistress, looked round
observantly but good-naturedly upon
the furniture and appointments of my
new home, praised the appearance of
the garden, seated himself in one of
the most comfortable of the drawing-
room chairs, and, till the lunch that I
had ordered for him was ready in the
dining-room, listened to my tale about
Archibald and my father, my courtship
and my wedding-tour, with anything
but a severe face. Once or twice I
thought him looking melancholy, and
asked if he were well, but, finding that
he was so, thought no more about it.
Lunch ready, we repaired to the dining-
room, and, true to his old habits, he
was silent during the meal. After-
wards he amused himself with looking
round at the pictures upon the walls.
Several of them were family portraits,
and were not particularly beautiful
either as pictures or likenesses. These,
after I had told him the names belong-
ing to each, he passed by quickly; but
one—of a young lady in a white mus-
lin dress, with long fair hair, lovely
and most delicate complexion—attract-
ed a more lengthened attention. "And
who was that?" he asked.

"My predecessor, the first Mrs.
Grant," was my ready reply, "and," in
a joke, "don't you think me very
like her?"

My uncle did not answer my ques-
tion, so I went on. "She was very
beautiful, I have been told, and indeed
she must have been so, if she was at
all like that picture. I asked Archi-
bald the other day how he could choose
so plain a face as mine after having
called one like that his own? But he
did not make much reply, and indeed
he never does when I speak of Ade-
line. Hadn't she a romantic name?
It is very provoking, too, for as I knew
absolutely nothing of her before I
was married, I am naturally curious
about her. Archibald's mother is just
as mysterious, and all the information
I could get from her was, that the
white muslin was poor Adeline's wed-
ding dress, and that the picture was
taken directly after she was married.
And now, my dear uncle, you know all
I know about Mrs. Grant the first."

A strange expression flitted across
my uncle's dark eyes as I spoke thus
lightly. He turned upon me one of
his reproving looks. "And you ven-
tured to marry a man about whose an-
tecedents you knew so little? You
knew he had had a former wife, but
what she was, or how she lived and
died, you knew nothing. O, the strange
foolhardiness of women! They will
leap into marriage without a serious
thought,—into marriage, that most
solemn and binding engagement of
life, that places them, in the eyes of
this nineteenth century marriage law,
almost in the position of slaves to the
husbands of their choice. Their choice,
forsooth! They will let their friends
choose for them, nay, they will marry
without any choice in the matter. I
have known such. And you a woman

in mature life, to be as silly as the rest! I am ashamed of you.' Here was the north-easter at last. A cold, cutting, neuralgic blast. But at once I drew up my hood, a hood I have learned to use at such times—the knowledge that all was intended solely for my good—and the north-easter was tempered to me. I ventured to say, 'You are mistaken, uncle, I have not married without thought. My husband is perfectly honorable, and of good family; my father thinks well of him; his position in the world is unexceptionable; and'

'Certainly, certainly,' interrupted he, with that well-known sarcastical glance fell upon me; 'all as it should be, no doubt. We have broken through no conventionalities, we have done everything in strict propriety, that is what you would say. We have a well furnished house, and a carriage at command. Society finds no fault; and, therefore, the prudence of good morals ought not. But take this to heart, young lady, your old uncle says you have committed a great mistake. Do you know what your husband is? Do you know that his last wife's blood stains the floor of this well-carpeted house? Do you know that in that very closet, and he pointed to the only one in the room, 'the history and mystery of that poor woman's end lies? Years ago you have talked to me of your childish games of Bluebeard; I tell you, now, you are dwelling in Bluebeard's house and that is his closet.'

My uncle's eyes shot fire, the veins in his forehead swelled, as they always do when he is excited, but I knew his temperament, and though struck at his allusion to what had been in my thoughts that morning, and inclined to be a little alarmed, I took off a liberal discount from the meaning of his words, and the remainder was not so formidable.

He still continued pointing to the innocent-looking closet, that I well knew contained nothing but a few bottles of wine and spirits, and a pint or two of whiskey, my husband's favorite drink. I asked, 'What do you mean, uncle? I cannot understand you. Mr. Grant is no Bluebeard, and no murder has ever been committed in this house. And, as for that closet, I have the key of it myself, and know every corner of it.'

'So much the worse, so much the worse. Will you be for ever a child? If you have the key, as you say, open it, and show me if it does not contain what I say.' I obeyed him.

(To be continued.)

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON.

Sunday, July 3

Israel in Egypt, Ex. i. 1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of hard service in the field: in all the service wherewith they made them to serve, was with rigour, v. 11.

Commit vs. 12-14.

INTRODUCTION AND CONNECTION.

The connection between our last Old Testament lesson and this is close,—the interview between Joseph and his brethren, recorded in latter part of the last chapter of Genesis, being the concluding lesson of that series. We now enter upon the proper natural history of the Israelites—a history of absorbing interest, since it is the historical unfolding of God's great plan of salvation, through which, as the central thought, we may everywhere find the Lord Jesus Christ prominently conspicuous. The Old Testament is as truly a revelation of Christ as the new; and unless we study it to find Him, we study it to very little purpose. Nothing is introduced into it is wonderful history but what bears upon, or is needful to the development of the great central purpose—the

revolution of God in the person and work of Christ.

LESSON NO. 7

(vs. 1-5.) Now these are the names of the children of Israel, which came into Egypt with Jacob. It will be seen by careful attention to the record contained in Gen. xli., that Jacob himself is included in the number seventy of v. 5. We are there told (v. 26) that Jacob's descendants who came with him were sixty-six. To this number must be added Jacob himself, Joseph and his two sons, to make the seventy as here stated.

Dr Hales gives the list thus:—Jacob's children—11 sons and 1 daughter—12; Reuben's sons, 4; Simeon's sons, 6; Levi's sons, 3; Judah's 3 sons and 2 grandsons, 5; Issachar's sons, 4; Zebulun's sons, 3; Gad's sons, 7; Ashur's 4 sons, 1 daughter, and 2 grandsons, 7; Dan's son, 1; Nephthali's sons, 4; Benjamin's sons, 10. For 1, 66. To this he adds Jacob himself, Joseph, and his two sons, making the total number of Israelites, exclusive of their wives, who settled in Egypt, 70, as stated here. To this number he adds the wives of the 66 sons—those of two being dead, and Joseph's, with himself, in Egypt, and thus makes the 75 of Acts vi. 11. (See Dr. A. Clarke on Gen. xli.)

(6.) And Joseph and his brethren lived to see the third generation of his descendants, (Gen. l. 23-26.) He survived the immigration of his family into Egypt about seventy years.

And all his brethren—till his own brothers—and all that generation—probably all who had been contemporary with himself. Levi seems to have been the last to die. see ch. vi. 16.

(7.) The children of Israel,--or Israelites, is a religious designation; and, as it is the history of this people in its religious bearings that is now entered upon, the proper ethnic name, Hebrews, occurs only very occasionally throughout the Bible. Here fruitful, increased abundantly... the land—i. e., of Goshon, there were many others scattered throughout Egypt—was filled with them. The land of Egypt was peculiarly favourable to the increase of populations; and to this was added the special blessing of God in the fulfilment of His promises to the patriarchs (Gen. xv. 5; xxvi. 4; xxviii. 14). The time covered by this verse was probably about one hundred years.

(8.) Now there arose a new king over Egypt who knew not Joseph. The name of this king has been the subject of much research, but has never been satisfactorily ascertained. It seems at least probable that a new dynasty had superseded the old, and that the engagements under which previous kings had felt themselves bound to the Israelites were, by these latter ones, disregarded and set aside. Probably the religion and occupation—that of shepherds—of the Israelites, had much to do in causing this hostility.

(9.) Mightier than we. As regards numbers, this, doubtless, was an extravagant statement. But by their wealth, energy, and force of character, the Israelites had already become formidable. We are told that large numbers of them were at this time dispersed throughout Egypt; and that, as tradesmen, artisans, &c., they wielded a very important influence. Hence, the dread and apprehension of the new monarch.

(10, 11.) Come, let us deal wisely (deceitfully, in a hard, oppressive manner) with them; lest... when there falleth out any war, they join also with our enemies, and fight against us, and so get them up out of the land.

This was not for the purpose of destroying at once their lives; but of reducing them to a position of hopeless bondage, to be perpetually their slaves and drudges. Therefore they did set over them taskmasters &c. &c. Their aim by such cruelty was, first, to aggrandize themselves by means of this enforced servitude; and, secondly, to break the spirit of the Israelites, and thus by weakening and harassing them, prevent their growth in numbers, power, and influence.

This policy was both unwise and wicked; and was sure in the end to recoil upon the Egyptians themselves. God's purpose was to deliver His people; and thus, though unintentionally, this wicked king was both bringing about and hastening the accomplishment of that purpose. God makes the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath He restrains. And they built, &c. &c. These treasure cities, as they are called, were probably built partly for the storage of provisions and military sup-

plies of various kinds, and were strongly fortified for defensive purposes in case of war. The work of the Israelites was done under taskmasters who, by harshness and cruelty, little by little, reduced them to the most abject slavery. This is a faint picture of the condition in which men are under sin, and led captive by Satan at his will—the devil's drudges, subjects of a cruel and relentless tyrant whose only object is to accomplish his purposes through them, and then reward them with utter destruction. Some suppose that beside these cities the Israelites built the pyramids.

Josephus expressly affirms this, (see Antiquities, Book 2, ch. 9, sec. 1). This may be true of the smaller pyramids, though it does not seem so clear in respect to the larger ones.

(12, 13.) But the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew. Already the wickedness of the Egyptians was beginning to defeat itself. God gave the Israelites favour in proportion as they were oppressed.

And they, the Egyptians, were grieved (waxed angry, full of apprehension) because of the children of Israel. Unhappily to prevent their growth or to crush their spirit, the Egyptians were the more incensed; and set themselves to inflict a harder and more severe service upon them. They made the children of Israel to serve with rigour—that is, with oppressive cruelty.

(14.) And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage in mortar, and in brick, (in the making of mortar and brick, and in all manner of service in the field, that is, as burden-bearers, and also, as Josephus states, in digging new channels for the river, erecting walls and ramparts to protect against its undue overflow, constructing fortifications, and, possibly, in building pyramids. All their service... was with rigour, or, under the lash of unrelenting taskmasters. Such was the life of God's people in Egypt. Similar is the bondage, hard and unrelenting, under which every soul is held in sin under Satan. All his service is with rigour. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. The wages of sin is death.

SUGGESTED THOUGHTS.

Israel, as a whole, typifies the church struggling up and out of the Egypt of sin into spiritual deliverance.

Pharaoh, the oppressive king, typifies Satan, the enemy of God and man; and appetites, passions, and lusts of fallen human nature are the relentless taskmasters under which he keeps the soul in bondage until Christ appears for its deliverance.

The Egyptian taskmasters were oppressive and cruel, but sin is more oppressive than they. Their exactions could only produce physical death—that of sin brings eternal death.

QUESTION SUMMARY.*

(For the Children)

(1-5.) How many sons of Jacob are mentioned here? How many sons had he? Where was the twelfth? and what was his name? How many of Jacob's descendants went with him into Egypt (see Gen. xl. 26). How many, then, were there of the house of Jacob when they were all settled in Egypt? (Gen. xli. 27). (6.) Who are here said to have died? What is meant by all that generation? (see note). (7.) What is said here about the Israelites? Israelites, or children of Israel, is a religious name; by what other name are they known? What part of the land of Egypt was filled with them? Where they found any where else in Egypt? (8.) Who came at length to rule over Egypt?

(9, 10.) What did he say to the Egyptians about the Israelites? In what respect were they mightier than the Egyptians? (see note). What did he mean by let us deal wisely? What was he afraid of?

(11.) How did they begin to treat the Israelites? Was that dealing wisely, do you think? What cities did the Israelites build? (12.) Did this cruelty have the effect the king wished? What took place among the Israelites? What is meant by they were grieved? (13.) Did they treat the Israelites any better? (14.) What did they make them do? Are all sinners under a worse tyrant than the Israelites were in Egypt? Who is this cruel tyrant? Who came to save us from Satan and sin? Have you accepted Him as your Saviour? If not, remember that Satan seeks constantly to ruin your souls, and that he will surely do it if you do not flee to Jesus. Oh, flee to Jesus to-day for you may not be alive to-morrow.

*Parents are urged to see that their children learn these questions, and to help them do so.

THE MORNING PRAYER.

I was staying, and had been for many weeks, with some friends in the country. The mistress of the house was a nice, pleasant lady, and had three little sons. At the back of the house was a fine large garden in which they used to play.

One day a little girl, a friend of theirs, came from the town to see them and to play with the children. They were very glad to see her, I am sure. The little boys were allowed to stay away from school for the afternoon; so they took their friend into the garden and summer-house, and in the evening they played in the house with their toys, and enjoyed themselves very much indeed.

But when eight o'clock came, which was the time for the little girl to go home, it was found to be raining very fast, and as her mother had said she might stay all night if it were wet, she did so.

As there was no bed unoccupied, I was asked to allow her to sleep with me, which of course I did.

In the morning, during dressing, I noticed that little Emily did not offer to say her prayers, though she had to wait for me several minutes during washing. I thought it might possibly be because she was shy; so when I had finished, I knelt down myself to thank my Heavenly Father for His care during the night, and to ask His blessing for the day which was before us. On my getting up I saw she had no intention of doing the same, so I said quietly to her, "Have you said your prayers, my dear?"

"No," she answered; "I never say them in the morning—I only say them at night."

"How is that, my dear?" said I. "Do you not wish to thank your Heavenly Father that He has taken care of you during the past night, and brought you safely to the light of another day? Do you not wish God to protect you during the coming day; to send you food and raiment, and to preserve you from temptations? Do you not require His Holy Spirit to help you to be kind and affectionate to your little friends, and to love and obey your parent?"

Oh! I am afraid there are many little children, both boys and girls, who make a practice of only saying their prayers at night!

Certainly at night they kneel before God to ask forgiveness, for Christ's sake, for all the sins they may have committed that day; but how many of those sins might they have been preserved from, had they sought God's help and blessing in the morning? It is the Holy Spirit alone Who can help us to do right, and this we must seek in prayer.

My young friends, say your prayers at night, but don't forget to say them in the morning.

"PLEASE HELP ME."

Four-year-old Johnnie was rearing a castle of building-blocks in the nursery. His mother sat near with her sewing, but he was so much engrossed in architecture to notice her. The finish was just being put to the chief tower, when down came the whole with a crash.

Johnnie surveyed the ruins with a flushed, disappointed face, then, folding his little hands, said, devoutly, "Dear Lord, please help me." The next effort was unsuccessful. Scarcely was it finished when the fabric came tumbling down. Hot tears rushed to Johnnie's eyes; but, repressing any word of impatience, to his mother's great joy he went down upon his knees above the scattered fragments of his childish ambition and, raising his eyes, said earnestly, "Please, Lord, help me so it won't tumble down; and don't let me get mad." With careful fingers he again began, and this time completed his work, Johnnie is "John" now, striving for college honors, but he finds help just where and just as he did then.

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TORONTO, JUNE 23, 1881

NOTICE!

Subscribers will take notice that all payments for the INDEPENDENT, whether for arrears or for current volume, must in future be made to Mr. W. Rovell, Box 2648, Toronto P. O.

We would call the attention of our readers to their labels. All whose subscriptions expired Jan., '81, or earlier, are now due another year. Will they please remit.

We want as many items of news of the churches as possible, but will our correspondents be brief: our space is limited, and we dislike to cut down.

UNION MEETING NOTES.

The address of the Chairman of the Union was the utterance of a man as well read in the history of our principles as he is attached to them. They were very clearly and sharply set forth, especially in the aspect of our differences from other bodies, not that any attack was made upon others, but that the truth, as we hold it, was made prominent and attractive. It may help to show some among ourselves that the principles we have been advocating, call them "Organized Independency" if that phrase pleases, can be held along with loyalty to the independence and autonomy of the churches.

We were especially delighted with the address of Dr. Eddy, its word-pictures, so briefly, yet so powerfully drawn, of the sufferings for conscience sake of our ecclesiastical forefathers were most telling, and his further tracing of the growth of the Congregational principle on this Continent was exceedingly interesting. His vindication of independency from the charge of bigotry and persecution, so often made, was complete, and we can only wish that the address shall be printed in tract form and circulated widely among our people; a generation is growing up that needs to be informed respecting the reasonableness of our faith and practice, and of the glorious inheritance of faith and steadfastness into which we have entered.

We did hope that time would have been found during the sitting of the Union, for a free, informal conference on the state of the churches, especially in view of the facts brought out in the letters of "A Practical Man." It is all very well to push, push, those letters, but they contained statements which cannot be controverted, which have not even had an attempt made thereat, and they deserved the earnest consideration of the assembled brethren. The question we are called upon to face is this—shall the next twenty-five years of our Church history present as sorry a record as the last, or shall the previous quarter of a century, 1830 to 1855, be more our model of work and measure of success?

It could not, we suppose, be avoided, but more than one begrudged the two mornings spent upon two applications for admission into the Union. Can nothing be done to prevent so large a space of time being similarly occupied in future? Is it not possible to have a standing rule limiting discussion on such applications to, say, half an hour, no speaker to occupy more than five minutes? Possibly the Union Committee can devise something of this kind as a safeguard in future. Apart from the time it consumed, we do not, however, regret the discussion. Some principles that we need to remember were enunciated, and some truths that there was need to speak were spoken. But are we not a red tape-bound people?

The discussion on the position of the INDEPENDENT, and the means to pay off the old debt was unfortunately interrupted by the hour of adjournment, and no place was afterwards found for it. We trust, however, that it will not be lost sight of. The debt in round figures is \$1000, five subscriptions of \$50 each were promised contingent upon the whole amount being subscribed. Legally, there is no claim upon the churches; morally, there is, the debt was incurred—rashly, unnecessarily, we think, in an effort to give the churches a paper representing their views, and forming a medium of interchange of thought and intelligence amongst us, a worthy aim, and we should endeavour to save our good name by allowing no debt thus contracted to remain unpaid. We may say that the friends need not fear a repetition of this, the paper is being carried on now without any expense beyond the printer. If it is found ultimately that the subscriptions cease to pay him it will be discontinued. We shall have something to say on the new arrangements next week.

We do not know how the attendance of ministers and delegates compared with former years, but the gatherings at the various meetings struck us as exceptionally large. In fact all the meetings were well attended, the interest shown by church members in the city was very marked; from the first evening at the opening sermon by Rev. J. L. Forster, of Montreal, to the closing service on Monday evening, all the churches were well represented. We are glad of this, and hope that it is an augury of better things in store for us.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

We give the full text of the resolution passed at the meeting of the Congregational Union in Toronto, on the 13th inst.

Moved by the Rev. T. Hall, Kingston, seconded by Rev. J. L. Forster, B. C. L., Montreal, That the following gentlemen, with power to add to their number, be a Provisional Board of Directors to organize and work a Foreign Missionary Society in connection with the Congregational Churches of British North America: Revs. Dr. Jackson, J. Roy, M.A., A. I. McFadyen, B.A., H. D. Hunter, H. D. Powis, J. Burton, B.D., H. Pedley, B.A., J. Wood, R. Mackay, Jos. Griffith, R. K. Black, J. L. Forster, B. C. L., D. Macallum, I. Howell, C. Duff, M.A., and Messrs. George Hague, J. C. Field, M. P.P., B. W. Robertson, H. O'Hara, Dr.

Richardson, J. R. Dougall, John Nasmith, H. Cox, D. Higgins, Geo. Fenwick George Robertson, and H. J. Clark

At a meeting of the Board held in Zion Church, Toronto, same date, J. C. Field, Esq., M.P.P., Cobourg, was elected President; B. W. Robertson, Esq., Kingston, Treasurer; and Rev. T. Hall, Kingston, Secretary. The members of the Board residing in Kingston were appointed a Committee to draw up a Constitution, to be submitted at the next meeting of the Board.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF B. N. A. ENDOWMENT FUND.

As Treasurer, I have received from Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lyman, Montreal, the sum of \$100, the fifth and last instalment of their subscription.

HENRY WILKES.

Montreal, June 17, 1881.

MANITOBA MISSION Treasurer acknowledges with thanks the following sums: Collection at Union meetings, \$31; Embro Congregational Church, \$13—total, \$44.

H. SANDERS.

Montreal, June 17, 1881.

Correspondence.

"GOOD COUNSELS NEVER COME AMISS."

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

SIR.—I venture to address your readers through your columns. The Congregational Union for 1881 is over, and we may reasonably trust that beneficial results will follow the deliberations of that body. In common with other delegates, I was present when the affairs of the Canada Publishing Company were discussed. I am not given to blushing, but I confess that the blush of shame rose to my cheeks during the discussion. I say nothing of the financial position, although that calls for the gravest consideration, and one not redounding to the credit of Congregationalists. I learn that, you, sir, were 1st. A partner in a large mercantile establishment. 2nd. A hard-working officer in a prosperous church. 3rd. The Superintendent of a highly efficient Sunday-school. 4th. The Editor of a weekly journal, receiving no remuneration therefrom, (unless being grumbled at he regarded as reward) and in point of fact paying for the privilege by voluntarily giving up valuable time to the discharge of the duties necessarily entailed by such an onerous position. Worse still! That subscribers were remarkably backward in coming forward with their dollars, and furthermore, that contributors of articles, news of the churches and interesting items were like an "old man's" "few and far between."

This, sir, does not strike me as a healthy state of things, and as I feel certain that you would feel diffident in saying much on the subject, I venture to take up the cudgels on your behalf. It is not often I advise novel reading, but a perusal of Charles Reade's "Put yourself in his place" would do some of your subscribers good. Instead of experiencing a difficulty in obtaining contributions, your position would be one of *embarras de richesse*.

I myself cry *peccavi*, and ask a thoughtful consideration of this matter on the part of all who read this letter. Let every one at least send along their dollar, and those who are able, contributions also from time to time. I trust, sir, to see "a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether" made, the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT improved, your labours lightened, and no one a whit the worse as the result of my appeal.

Yours truly,

W. A. H.

PULPIT SENSATIONALISM.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

SIR, Protesting against any desire to re-open any issue disposed of at the late Union meetings; yet some utterances were given forth which ought not to pass unnoticed or unquestioned. Noticeable amongst these was the deliverance of Rev. Wm. Hay in defence of Sensationalism in the Pulpit as a means of drawing a crowd. From the reading of 1 Cor. ii., it would appear that for good and sufficient reasons the Apostle carefully guarded himself from even the appearance of resorting to such methods; nay, his words are an emphatic condemnation of any such practice. After hearing Mr. Hay, one is tempted to inquire if the Gospel is really the *effete* thing some say it is, or, is it still the power of God? Has the simple story of the cross lost its attractiveness? Are the men who think it necessary or desirable to resort to *outré* methods to draw the crowd, certain that they themselves are in their proper sphere as ministers of the Gospel? Another matter: If it is desirable—in the interest of the ministry—to enlarge the system, had not something better be done on behalf of the membership also? Those troublesome questions about a change of heart and leading a pure Christian life, etc., no doubt have a deterring influence on the crowd! and this is coming into prominence as one of the hitherto weak points of Congregationalism. We have need, in these days of drifting, to stand by the old land marks and keep the "blood-stained banner" free from entangling alliances which promise much, but only to betray and deceive.

Yours,

LAYMAN.

CANADA CONGREGATIONAL INDIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

DEAR SIR,—The friends of our mission will be glad to learn from letters that were brought before the Board at its meeting last Tuesday, that our devoted sister, Miss Baylis, after some delay through fogs &c., had arrived in safety at her old field of labour, at Spanish River, and had received a kind welcome. The missions premises also, which had been unoccupied for two years, had been put into needful repair, and she was just beginning her labours once more, also that the boxes of clothing &c., which had been sent up to Mississauga for distribution among the Indians by Mr. Nicol, from the ladies connected with Zion and the Northern Congregational churches of Toronto, had been received by him, and in a letter addressed to a member of the Board, he says: "Since the hurried note I wrote you acknowledging the receipt of the boxes, I wrote to the Treasurer, and told him how delighted we all were with their contents. Mrs. N. wishes me again to thank the friend or friends for her share of the precious things contained in her box, she finds several items for the children of great service."

"I do wish the kind friends who contributed towards their contents, had only seen the semi-barbaric delight manifested at the distribution of the several articles. To our great amusement, the Chief (Bone-Kaosh) whose little daughter Mrs. N. had rigged out, came next day, and erected his wig wam just outside of our fence, I went out to him, and put one of the hats sent, on his head, and I think since that time, except when asleep, it has never been off. Some of the heavier articles, we propose keeping till the fall. By the way—our mission flag, which floats proudly all the time (since spring began) over our mission premises, is getting rather worn. Would our lady

friends think me greedy, if I asked some of them kindly to send me another, to be used on Sundays and other great occasions.*

"My greatest trial on the mission has been the torture from black flies and mosquitoes. Our poor children are bitten almost beyond recognition, even by ourselves. If the Rev. Messrs. Powis and Burton should come to make us a visit, as they seemed to promise, I hope they may escape this trial; we are hoping to see them soon." Believing that these communications will interest your readers, and asking their renewed petitions on behalf of the mission. I remain, dear sir,

Yours truly,
Jas. Howell, Sec.

Orangeville, June 17th., 1881.

* The motto on the old flag, wrought by some young ladies in Montreal, I believe, was "Do the Right, Serve the Lord."

J. H.

Denominational Notes.

A compilation from the official year books of seventeen Protestant denominations gives 6,968,839 communicants with a net gain of communicants for the past year of only 260,085.

Of these, the Congregationalists have 384,332, with a gain for the year of 1,792 only.

In view of this the remarks of Rev. Dr. G. F. Penecost at the annual festival of the Congregational Club at Faneuil Hall, Boston, May 25, are timely and forcible. It would be wise to cultivate a little more aggressiveness of spirit. When I took over the statistics and see that the increase of membership in the Congregational churches on confession of faith is reported to be only one and a half per cent. on the membership, it seems to me to be a matter of serious concern. Now, in the midst of all the learning, and the culture, and the wealth, and the historic glory that belongs to this ancient ecclesiastical order, it seems to me that there is one thing lacking, and that is a more aggressive evangelistic spirit in the churches.

—In his opening remarks at the Sunday School Convention at Worcester, lately, Hon. T. W. Bicknell well said:—"Congregationalists need to cultivate not more independence but interdependence. Loyalty to one's denomination is the first principle of liberality, and the chief evidence of one's understanding of the true methods of Christian service."

In 1847 the "Hansard Knollys Society, for the Publication of Early English and other Baptist Writers," published a reprint of the first edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," with notices of all the subsequent additions and alterations made by the author himself. The editor was the scholarly George Offor, who prefaced the reprint with a long introduction, historic and bibliographical. Though the editor cannot resist an occasional hit at the practice of baptizing by affusion, or by sprinkling, as well as that of baptizing children, he makes it appear that Bunyan was hardly a Baptist in the modern acceptation. His church contained members baptized in infancy, members baptized as adults, and members not baptized at all. His special tenet, about which he had his Baptist controversy, was that the baptism essential to church membership was a baptism of the Holy Spirit. Without evidence of this, he believed that no one should be admitted to the church; but that, with this evidence, water baptism of any sort was entirely non-essential. If we can draw any inference safely, it would seem that he would prefer not to have any water baptism at all; but would be as sure as human judgment could be that there had been a baptism of the Holy Spirit. When, toward the close of Bunyan's imprison-

ment, Charles II had concluded that persecution was of no use, and that it was best to license non-conformist preachers and places for non-conformist worship, Bunyan was licensed in the following terms. "We do hereby permit and license John Bunyon to be a Teacher of the Congregation allowed by Us in the House of Josias Roughed, Bedford, for the use of such as do not conform to the Church of England, who are of the Perswasion commonly called Congregational. With further license and permission to him the said John Bunyon to teach in any other place licensed by Us according to our said Declaration. The date was 9th May, 1672. The volume from which this is taken is among the archives in the State Paper Office, called "Indulgences, 1672;" and the license is under the head "Congregational." But John Bunyan's position, as the leader of Baptist open communion and the one who crushed the close communion of his time to powder, is too well known to be denied. The "Philadelphia Confession" is one of the happy products of the conflict, in which he was victorious.

—The committee appointed by the National Congregational Council to select a commission of twenty five to consider the matter of preparing a new Creed and Catechism for the churches have completed their task, and report the following as constituting such commission:—

- Rev. Julius H. Seelye, D.D., Amherst, Mass.
- Rev. Charles M. Mead, D.D., Andover, Mass.
- Rev. Henry M. Dexter, D.D., Boston, Mass.
- Rev. Edmund K. Alden, D.D., Boston, Mass.
- Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D.D., Cambridge, Mass.
- Rev. Samuel Harris, D.D., New Haven, Conn.
- Rev. George P. Fisher, D.D., New Haven, Conn.
- Rev. George L. Walker, D.D., Hartford, Conn.
- Rev. William S. Karr, D. D., Hartford, Conn.
- Prof. George T. Ladd, Brunswick, Me.
- Rev. Samuel P. Leeds, D.D., Hanover, N. H.
- Rev. David B. Coe, D.D., New York, N. Y.
- Rev. William M. Taylor, D. D., New York, N. Y.
- Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.
- Rev. Augustus F. Beard, D.D., Syracuse, N. Y.
- Rev. William W. Patton, D.D., Washington, D. C.
- Rev. James H. Fairchild, D.D., Oberlin, Ohio.
- Rev. Israel W. Andrews, D.D., Marietta, Ohio.
- Rev. Zachary Eddy, D.D., Detroit, Mich.
- Rev. James T. Hyde, D.D., Chicago, Ill.
- Rev. Edward P. Goodwin, D.D., Chicago, Ill.
- Rev. Alden B. Robbins, D.D., Muscatine, Ia.
- Rev. Constans L. Goodell, D.D., St. Louis, Mo.
- Rev. Richard Cordley, D.D., Emporia, Kan.
- Rev. George Mooar, D. D., Oakland, Cal.

The committee, in presenting these names, say:—

"In making the selection, different sections of the country have been drawn upon, somewhat in proportion to the membership of the Congregationalist churches in each. The list embraces men who are understood to represent different shades of opinion, while holding fast to the essential truths of the Gospel. With a large proportion of pastors are joined representatives of theological seminaries and colleges, of the religious press, and of the missionary work of our churches. Letters responding to these appointments indicate that those designated will enter on the work with interest and hopefulness, and that they will be able to co-operate in mutual respect and congeniality of spirit and aim for the important object contemplated.

"It is understood that the commission will choose its own chairman, determine for itself its organization and methods of procedure, fill vacancies that may occur in its number, and take whatever time may be requisite for consummating its work, reporting results directly to the churches, through the press. It is presumed also that the necessary expenses of the commission will be provided for by voluntary contributions from brethren in our churches.

"Messrs. Abbott, Coe, and Taylor, of New York, are charged with the duty of calling the first meeting of the commission, at such time and place as they may agree upon."

A member of the new church in Plainfield, Rev. William Manchee, pastor, has given the church a lot, 150 feet square, worth \$9,000, in a most desirable location, for a house of worship. The church, free from debt and prosperous, is taking steps for a chapel, and hopes to worship in it by next autumn.

Beyond this, as we learn by a private note from Mr. Manchee, his Church has given him about 50 per cent. more stipend than was promised, and one of his members has paid for a trip to Europe this summer. Our old friend has fallen into green pastures.

LITERARY NOTES.

We have received from the enterprising firm of I. K. FUNK & CO., New York, a copy of the Revised New Testament, which came to hand a mail or two after it was in the hands of the Canadian public. Accompanying it, as one of the Standard Series, is Dr. Roberts' Companion to the Revised Version, with a Supplement speaking on behalf of the American Committee and giving some very interesting information thereon. The Companion should be considered indispensable to those who compare the Revised with the older version, and the Supplement, which is not in our English copy-righted edition, shows how thoroughly the work is an international one, and gives the history of the American Appendix.

E. STEYER & CO., New York, are preparing an abridgement of Kiddle and Scheur's Encyclopedia of Education, a book of great interest to teachers. We have before us some specimen pages of the Dictionary, which contains valuable practical hints to the teacher on e.g., Algebra, Alphabet, and if the proposed volume should follow the specimen given, we have little hesitation in recommending teachers and advanced scholars to expect the promised issue.

Through the Winter. American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia. This is one of the best Sunday School stories we have seen. Its whole tone is fitted to lift the daily duties of life out of the sphere of mere drudgery, to correct many of those moods of temper which mar the peace of social life, and to throw the halo of glory where more often than acknowledged it truly belongs, over the heroes of quiet homes. Helen is a true heroine, and the Waldemars a family of which we can truly say, may their number increase. The sentiments moreover of the story are not merely moral, they are decidedly evangelical. Thoughtless brothers and unsympathizing fathers may with profit read, as also tender, conscientious girls. The verse of Whittier on the title page is correctly illustrated by the tale—

"Sure stands the promise, ever to the meek
A heritage is given;
"Not love they earth who single-hearted seek
"The righteousness of heaven."

The book is very sightly, but the illustrations, happily few, are unworthy the book.

"*Walks about Zion.*" Many of our readers will remember Rev. Joseph Elliott, once of Ottawa, now pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Cannington, Ont. This volume, small, neat, 172 p.p., is from his pen. Fifteen short addresses on e.g., Christian Unity, Moral Strength, Mourners in Zion, Many Crowns. Simple, earnest, devotional, these short sermons without notes may be read at any time with profit, and might prove, during a pastor's absence from an evening service, a useful selection of gospel readings from which a suitable selection could be made. As a memento of an old friend, and a truly useful little work, we commend "Walks about Zion" kindly to our readers. Published by C. Brackett Robinson, Jordan Street, Toronto.

"GOOD ENOUGH FOR HOME."

"Why do you put on that forlorn old dress?" asked Emily Manners of her cousin Lydia, one morning after she had spent the night at Lydia's house.

The dress in question was a spotted, faded old summer silk, which only looked the more forlorn for its once fashionable trimmings, now crumpled and frayed.

"Oh, anything is good enough for home!" said Lydia, hastily pinning on a soiled collar; and twisting up her hair in a ragged knot, she went down to breakfast.

"Your hair is coming down," said Emily.

"Oh, never mind; it's good enough for home," said Lydia carelessly. Lydia had been visiting at Emily's home, and had always appeared in the prettiest of morning dresses, and with neat hair, and dainty collars and cuffs; but now she was back again among her brothers and sisters, and with her parents, she seemed to think anything would answer, and went about untidy, and in soiled finery. At her uncle's she had been pleasant and polite, and had won golden opinions from all; but with her own family her manners were as careless as her dress; she seemed to think that courtesy and kindness were too expensive for home wear, and that anything was good enough for home.

There are too many people who, like Lydia, seem to think that anything will do for home; whereas, effort to keep one's self neat, and to treat father, mother, sister, brother and servant kindly and courteously, is as much a duty, as to keep from falsehood and stealing.

—The United States has double the number of school-children of any other country in the world. The number is stated by the Bureau of Education to be 9,424,086. The nearest approach to this figure is made by France, which has 4,716,935. Prussia follows with 4,007,176, and England and Wales with 3,710,883. Of the total population, the school-children of the United States form nearly 20 per cent; of France, 12 per cent.; of Prussia, 16 per cent.; and of England and Wales, about 13 per cent.

SCOTCH DISESTABLISHMENT. —The signs are multiplying that the question of Disestablishment in Scotland is coming to a head. We noticed the other day the prominence assigned to it by the Solicitor-General in his candidature for Clackmannan. The Liberal candidate for Renfrewshire if less pronounced as to the desirability of the change, is equally positive in his promise to follow the leaders of his party when they declare that the time has come. On Wednesday the Committee of the United Presbyterian Church — from which the chief impulse of the movement has always come passed resolutions urging the systematic advocacy of the question in Parliament and before the constituencies. It is well understood, however, that nothing can be done during the present Parliament, Mr. Gladstone having pledged himself to submit the question to the country before attempting to solve it. But in all probability the issue will be really decided — as it was in the parallel case of the Church of Ireland. —*Fall Mall Gazette.* [It may be added that the Glasgow Liberal Association has imported Disestablishment into its programme, and that should the Lord Advocate be come a candidate for the vacancy in that great constituency, he will probably appear as the supporter of the same ecclesiastical change.]

SELF-LOVE.

Oh, I could go through all life's troubles
singing,
Turning earth's night to day,
If self were not so fast around me, clinging
To all I do or say.

My very thoughts are selfish, always build-
ing
Mean castles in the air;
I use my love for others for a gilding
To make myself look fair.

I fancy all the world engrossed with judging
My merit or my blame;
Its warmest praise seems an ungracious
grudging
Of praise which I might claim.

In youth, or age, by city, wood, or moun-
tain,
Self is forgotten never;
Where'er we tread, it gushes like a fountain,
Its waters flow forever.

O miserable omnipresence, stretching
Over all time and space,
How have I run from thee, yet found thee
reaching
The goal in every race

Inevitable self's vile imitation
Of universal light,—
Within our hearts a dreadful usurpation
Of God's exclusive right!

F. W. Faber.

THE HORSE THAT WENT TO PRAYER-MEETING.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

It was a curious kind of a horse; but then it was a curious prayer-meeting. You think, it may be, that good people go to prayer-meeting; so they do; but this was a prayer-meeting that went to bad people. It was in the work-house, where idle, disorderly and drunken folks are sent. There were a great many women there; some were sick; some were quite young; a few sent there for the first time were sorry and ashamed. There was once a lady who visited them. If you had seen her climbing up the long stairs with a basket on her arm and a bunch of flowers in her belt you might not have thought she was carrying up the prayer-meeting with her. In a certain big room she used to sit down, talking as pleasantly as if these women had worn silk dresses instead of gowns made of bed-ticking. She might be talking about the weather or the view from the window, but she seemed to be thinking: "Poor woman! I am sorry for you. I wish you were better."

That drew them to her. If she had been thinking, "Oh you wretches! you ought to be punished," they would have found it out, and you can depend upon it they would have had work away in some other part of the house. Well, one day she arrived, sat down and told a story to a girl who was ill; five or six others, who were sewing, brought their work; three scrubbing women chose that side of the room to clean. By the time the story had got itself into the New Testament and was being read aloud there were twenty together, and it was all at once a meeting. Some sat on the floor, two or three were drinking tea from big bowls; but all were orderly. They had sung hymns the lady taught them, and had repeated the Lord's Prayer: then she talked, and they grew stiller, like wicked children who get sorry and ashamed when their mother tells them about God, even if before they had reproached one another.

In the middle of this meeting Jimmy came. He was a queer little chap, four years old. He belonged to a woman who was outside the door in the hall, trying to keep him out of the meeting; but in he pattered on his wee old shoes, that carried him all day long into every corner in search of playthings he never found. He was pale and sharp-nosed, with one black eye; the other had a

film over it, and was sightless. He stood still before the lady when she sang; then he was off, up and down the room, crept under beds, smelt of bottles of medicine, threw a spool of thread out of the window, every few minutes coming back to see what a prayer-meeting was like. His mother shook her fist at him, coaxed and scolded and called him under her breath. Jimmy only shook his head at her when he happened to think of it. At last he espied a little lunch basket by the lady's side, and, going up to it, peered in. She went on with the Bible verse that she was teaching the women, but she slid off the basket cover and slipped into Jimmy's little thin hand a big, big piece of spice-cake. "I think of that, to a little boy fed on black bread and codfish for six weeks! Jim's bright eye sparkled, and those bad women listening to the verse were as glad for Jimmy as he was himself. His mother out in the hall, who had said, "Nobody could come the pious over her," gave up trying to get him, and went back to her work. I assure you Jimmy approved of prayer-meetings after that, and never failed to come when he discovered one. He did no harm, but in your meetings the sexton would have put out the uneasy little midget pretty quick.

One day the lady went to see his mother at her work. She did not talk of her wickedness or ask her to come to the meeting, but spoke of Jimmy and how delicate he looked. The mother's big black eyes grew softer after a while, and she found herself telling how she came to be there. She had "a good, industrious man, too good for the likes of her." He provided well for her, and they would have been happy if she could have let "drink" alone; but she loved beer. One day she drank more than usual, made a great uproar, was arrested and sent here. Her poor husband was discouraged, and she would not blame him if he "went to the bad" himself. Jimmy was their only child: he loved him, but as there was no one to take care of him he was sent with his mother. The next time the lady came she went after Mary and asked her to come into the meeting.

"I won't then," said Mary. "I'm no hypocrite. My old mother was good, and my father too, but there is naught of that about me and I'm too old to put it on."

That same day Jimmy came to meeting as usual, and made very little trouble. The coarse food and the being shut up so closely made him listless. He laid himself across the lap of a woman who sat on the floor to listen, and he watched the lady out of his one eye with a dreary expression for so young a child. She was not ready to end the meeting, but she must have looked very pitifully upon Jim, for he rose and trotted over to her lunch-basket, as if the kindness in her face might have meant—spice-cake. It did: but not that alone; oh no, indeed!

Such a shrill squeal of delight as that four-year old boy set up and kept going! The hymn had to stop short and was not taken up again. Out of that basket he drew, panting with excitement, a bright yellow horse with a scarlet rider; both of them in a green hoop which, when started, rolled down the room, the horse swinging, the rider ringing a bell, and Jim's thin legs spinning along after it in a way to "brake up" any prayer-meeting, gentle or otherwise. They all knew then how much he must have longed for a plaything by the lady's crazy delight he showed over this one. He danced and ran and capered, spinning around with it like an exceedingly frantic little bug. At last he thought of his mother and away he went to her.

Now what that yellow horse said or did in the next week I cannot say; but

when there was another prayer-meeting well under way the door opened, the yellow horse careered down the long room straight toward it, and Jim followed dragging his mother, like a little boat tugging a bigger craft. He stopped at the meeting, took the horse on his knees and put himself in his mother's lap, as much as to say, "Here we are, and going to behave ourselves too." The lady read and talked as she always did, and Mary's eyes got so full of tears that she wanted to hide behind Jim's head, but he bobbed it about so that she could not. When the meeting was all over and the rest had gone to their work, she said, hesitatingly, "If I s'posed it'd be any use to try, I'd let drink alone. I'm wickeder than most of these others here; 'cause lots of 'em haven't got any home, or else they've got a man worse than they be. I can't go straight all alone, but if, as you say, God does help folks that take hold hard to help themselves—why, I might try. Will He help me, do you s'pose? John (that's my husband) he'd be so glad. I am smart when I'm sober, and I keep his home clean. I haven't got any other bad ways and never was accused of any; but I just gave up ever trying to do better when I got sent here. I meant to keep away from you, but Jimmy wouldn't let me. That yellor horse was the biggest thing that ever happened to him, and it had got to come to prayer-meetin'—and I had got to come too."

The lady told her that God's love and help were ready the minute that she was ready to take them. If she did her best she could be kept from strong drink. She told Mary it was indeed a great thing to have a sober, hard-working husband; and she asked her if she wanted little Jim to grow up and be ashamed of her. Mary listened to every word. For three weeks after that she came to the prayer-meeting just as steadily as Jim and the horse. The fourth week she was not there, but there was a letter awaiting the lady. This was its contents, only in the real one every line began with a capital, like poetry; but that did not matter; there was more in it than in some poems. It said:

"Jim and I went out last Monday. I got to thinking before I went out, and I wrote to John that if he wouldn't give up, and if he'd overlook this time, I'd do better. I didn't know if he would or not; but when I got into the city there he was, so glad to see Jim—laughing because he would run and rattle that yellor horse over the pavement. Why, he never said a word about where I'd been. The rooms were all clean and he'd got supper all ready for us. Jim ate up half there was before ever I got ready. It come over me how nigh I'd been to giving up everything and going to the dogs. I told John all you said, and he promised to stand by me. He said we'd move out of that ward, away from old neighbors; that we'd better sign the pledge and on Sundays go to Gospel meetings. Please God, that is the last racket I'll ever go on! Jimmy is awful happy. He didn't like workhouse codfish; now John fetches him every night a big bun with currants in it. When I see him playing with the tin horse I think how it was just that thing that pulled me into your meeting. I could have seen you passing around Bibles and tracts forever and ever and thought it was just your trade, you know; but when you fetched the poor little chap that painted creeter, away out from the city, I couldn't have sassed you, if I had been ugly enough to try it. It is easy enough to hear folks tell me how wicked I be. I guess I know it better than they, though, and 'tain't none of their business in particular either. John, he says you was after me just the same, only

you baited your hook with spice-cake for the baby; but what if you did? it was a nice way. I never shall forget you, and please don't forget to pray for me. From your respectful well-wisher,
MARY WILLIAMSON."

The lady read it and was happy. She said to herself: "The means of grace are many. I thought that horse would draw something good after it." *Christian Union.*

ANSWERS TO PRAYER

Sometimes God, for wise reasons, may not answer our prayers at the time they are offered; He may defer in answer for weeks or months; but He is all this time drawing us out to make our supplications with greater ardor, and more humility, and stronger faith. It is in love and mercy to us that He keeps us waiting. It is that our desire for an answer may become more intense, and our perseverance more unflinching, and that the answer when it comes may exceed our expectations. While the blessing is being withheld, it is becoming more vast. While the mercies and favors are kept back, the store of them is increasing. While the heavenly rain is forbidden to descend, it is only preparing to come in more copious showers.

The sweetest and most blessed manifestations of the divine presence are bestowed on those who are most importunate and persevering in their requests at the throne of grace. By continued and fervent prayer, by long and earnest talking with God, a condition of mind is obtained that is well-pleasing to God, so that He can bestow the blessing that is sought in perfect consistency with the administration of His government. To bestow a peculiarly great and rich blessing on one whose heart was not in a fit state to receive it, would be unwise—would be contrary to the laws of His spiritual kingdom. Before God can wisely bestow extraordinary benefits, the heart must be set on their attainment, the desires after them must become intensified, and the purpose must be fully formed never to rest until they are obtained; and this state of mind can only be secured by prayers of uncommon fervor and perseverance. The soul must be full of burning earnestness, and the flame of prayer must ascend continually to heaven.

Get into close connection with the living fountain—the fountain of life in Christ—and then you may be the means of conveying streams of the water of life to others. If full of love yourself, you will kindle love in others. If full of light, you will communicate light. If full of the Holy Spirit and of power, other hearts will be divinely influenced. —From "Pulpit Earnestness."

—How wonderful is the tenuity of some perfumes. Musk is an animal product said to have been known 5,000 years ago. The age of a mummy once found in an Egyptian tomb was traced to be 3,000 years old. A portion of the embalmment was in the form of musk grains, which were as fragrant as ever on resuscitation.

CULTIVATE FLOWERS; NOT WEEDS. — Said a father to his daughter: "When you laid aside that interesting book and attended to what your mother wished done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the dish that you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing seeds of truth. When you took the cup of cold water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing seeds of mercy. These are beautiful flowers, Bessie. But when you were impatient with the baby, you sowed the seeds of ill-temper. When you waited some time after your mother called you, you sowed disobedience and selfishness. These are all noxious weeds. Pull them up. Do not let them grow in your garden."

LOCAL NOTICES.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS! MOTHERS!!!—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it, there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.

BEST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING.—Brown's Household Panacea" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago, and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most purely quicken the blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all druggists at 25 cents a bottle.



Chronic Looseness of the Bowels results from imperfect digestion, and this again from stomachic irregularities and interruptions. Remove the cause, and of course Nature unless overborne by doctors will resume her work, reinforcing the bowels, and making them in their turn act properly.
Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.
is just the thing for this work. Its mission is to cleanse and fortify. It never fails.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

WATCHES, WATCHES, WATCHES, IN GOLD and Silver cases and fine movements. Great Bargains. Spectacles and eye-glasses carefully fitted. Jewellery of all descriptions made to order.

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Choice Black Tea	60c. per lb. net.	Grand English Break-	per lb. net.
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A HANDSOME VOLUME, of your own choice from our catalogue, with every 3lbs. of Tea.

We have received from Professor Croft, F. C. S., a certificate of the Chemical Examination of the two grades of Li-Quor Tea, purchased without our knowledge of the purpose for which they were intended. Of one sample he says:—

"The tea is pure; no facing or adulteration could be detected." And of another sample he says:—
"No facing or adulteration could be detected, and the article is of excellent quality, consisting entirely of pure tea leaf."
(Signed),

H. H. CROFT, F. C. S.

To the Manager of the LI-QUOR TEA COMPANY:—

Sir,—I have much pleasure in forwarding the following testimonial:—
In my late visit to England my attention was directed to the Li-Quor Tea Company of London. I became acquainted with the proprietor and originator of the scheme, and through him made myself familiar with all the workings of the Company. I was so much taken with the scheme that I considered it would be welcomed in Canada, as I am glad to find it has been. Since the Company opened their store in Toronto I have purchased their teas and find them of uniform and excellent quality, and I have added to my library works of such sterling merit as to commend themselves to every educated mind.

Yours faithfully,

W. J. SMYTH,

Pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Quaker Hill, Uxbridge.

The Finest French Coffee, 40c. per lb. nett

THIS CELEBRATED COFFEE IS PACKED IN POUND TINS.

All who have been in France can speak to the excellence of the "Cafe-au-Lait" as drunk on the Parisian Boulevards. This celebrated preparation contains the usual amount of Chicory, but to it is added a most wholesome ingredient that imparts wonderful strength and delicacy of flavor.

To connoisseurs of Teas and Coffees these delightful beverages will commend themselves without any word of comment from us.

12 lbs. sent as sample, carriage paid for cash, to any part of the Dominion.

Storekeepers should apply for wholesale terms at once, as agencies are rapidly filling up.

295 Yonge Street, - and - 446 and 448 Queen Street West.

TESTIMONIALS.

TWENTY YEARS' CASE OF RHEUMATISM CURED.

1 North Park St., Halifax, N. S., October 22, 1878.

Having been a sufferer from Rheumatism for more than twenty years, and under treatment by the best doctors here and of Boston, Mass., without permanent relief, I was induced to try the Holy Land Green Oil, and received immediate relief from same, and have not felt any symptoms of the Rheumatism since, and believe the cure permanent. I testify to the virtue of this valuable medicine (unsolicited by any one) in the interest of suffering humanity, as I feel convinced that others suffering from Rheumatism may be positively cured by its use.

THOMAS ARCHIBALD.

QUINSEY AND SORE THROAT CURED.

164 Bay St., Toronto, October 2nd, 1878.

I beg to certify that I have used your Holy Land Green Oil and find it an invaluable medicine. I am an auctioneer, and was suffering from a severe sore throat, so much so that I was unable to follow my occupation, and could hardly eat anything, my throat being so swollen. I used the Oil as directed. After two or three days I was enabled to sell. You are at liberty to use this certificate if you feel disposed.

J. G. DODDS, City Auctioneer.

HORSE CURED OF SWEENEY.

Toronto, Ont., Oct. 22nd, 1878.

My horse was suffering from sweeney, and the more I doctored him the worse he got, until I commenced using Holy Land Green Oil; and after two weeks' faithfully rubbing and bathing him with it he is well and now working.

F. M. NEWMAN.

INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION CURED.

Gore St., Perth, Ont., Oct. 25th, 1878.

Suffering for a long time from a bad cough, which was deep-seated and very alarming, I used Holy Land Green Oil, bathing my breast and back well for a few days, and it has left me, and I am now well.

JAMES R. HOLLIDAY, Printer.

NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATISM CURED.

Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 28th, 1878.

I was suffering from a severe attack of neuralgia and rheumatism, and after using the Holy Land Green Oil but a short time, I was entirely relieved and have had no symptoms of either since.

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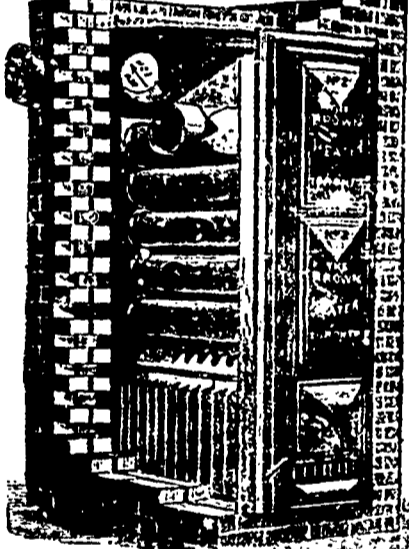
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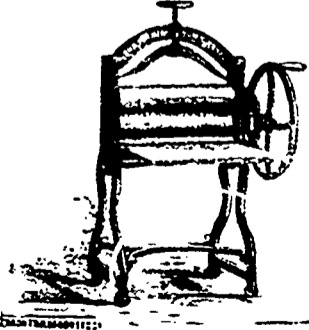
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